## BARBARA OF OLLERTON.

BY MAX PEMBERTON

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CHAPTER XII.

The seum

transity of St. James's fields where they legate to horder upon the manor of Hyde andred about him for the passing of

the Abbey mass. All the content, all excetness of day seemed breathed

the horizon, lifted sunlit spires and flashing windows to a heaven of blue. By here and there, unconscious of that which was

And to the river and the villages.

Peace togehed the scene with her golder mah giving to the sparkling meadows f her dews, to the leaves a as of the gentle springtime. Even browsed within a hundred paces of

united lay concealed in the thicket a so had their leader placed them that passing on the high road might not as espy a gimmer of the sunshine helmets, a flash of the Lincoln amid their leafy bower. Aware issue they spake but in whispers hour of truce wrought upon their an hour of waiting intolerable. horses champed and whinnied; riders asked "Think ye that

of Calverton alone asked questions

aware of that deadly blow, intent upon the said growing sure in that command which the night had given him "I

command your patience, comrades. We
be but a hundred against four thousand
i naught but stratagem will save us this

average of that deadly blow, intent upon
the scene before him, the rebelleader drew
no rein nor waited for the messengers.

The Tower was his journey's end, the
palace his citadet. He knew not that
thousand had turned from him at Hay
Hill and the fields. He knew not that
Roy of Calverton pressed class upon him. space." he said growing sure in that com-

Roy of Calverton pressed close upon him, and spoke of victory in that pursuit.

"My Lord of Pembroke with as at his back as judgment and oppor- ward to the gate," we shall not mass that

Meagre, the dwarf, as he bandies the jest.

"tood save law and order and them that
go to and fro in forests," said he "I am all
for the Sheriff's men, whose ears your worship nailed to the pump at Nottingham.
Ay, masters, would ye he as ravening
wolves, hieing you to Sherwood again
when the right royal hololity claps your
honors on the back and save, "godspeed"

"By the dwarf, as he bandies the jest.

"If my Lord of Pembroke be yet out
of pettleoats, he hath this Wyatt, surely!

Nevertheless, I mistrust him, comrades.

There is a man's work to do in London,
belike our hands shall be needed there!"

He pressed on at a canter upon the main
high read as though the echo of the distant clarmor were some signal to him, and,
tant clarmor were to tharing, he asked vainly honors on the back and says. "godspeed" high road as though the echo of the distant clamor were some signal to him, and, being come to tharing, he asked vainly for tidings of my lord's men.

The din of riot was not here. Such some the nullaw a sorry word for him tat will cave in a Bishop's rochet when the av comes!" serve Sir Roy of Calverton! Ho, ho' there was one of his name that my Lord of Stowe did call the nutlaw a sorry word for him or that will cave in a Bishop's rochet when the

that will cave in a Bishop's rochet when the day comes!"

And then, remembering their need, he cross, "Speak, comrades, will ye not hold your tongues when all the cry is Tiptoes!"

Ray, who loved the dwarf suffered his humor patiently, as ever he did in Sherward's stronghold.

An thou [dost not fulfil the behest, lay and order shall put you brook houses The village treat water with gossipers. You had counted a hundred about the cross who told in wonder their story of the march. To these ever and anon a single horseman, flying as from pursuit, gave assurance of Wyatt's victory, or was named a boaster by one that followed him.

Maids watched from the windows of the houses or carried for God's sake. Beils leaves the counter of the counter of the counter of the counter of the march. To these ever and anon a single horseman, flying as from pursuit, gave assurance or Wyatt's victory, or was named a boaster by one that followed him.

branch and tell me what thou seest on the road. Ride any in, or must law and order

his saddle, and being hidden by the leaves he began to tell them of that which befell. There is a road, sirs, and you is the river blood of Paul! they stand where they stood

the road?"
"The wind, your worship, God knows I will east a broomstick if thou hast the

spoke again.
There he swine upon four legs and

others upon two; hide yourselves, my masters, lest they claim acquaintancef" Some one lifted a halberd and made protonse to prick him as he sat: but his mack ery was hushed upon his lips and "Thou seest something spawn-- "

'The road there, the meadow is there and, God reward ve, I bid von draw, masters Ave, hearken, thearken! Like ye the Ye shall hear more presently, for youder be those who would marry the

erawhile had dared the laugh or the jest tow fell to a grim silence. Swords leaped their scabbards. Calivers were uplifted traws were strung, pikes slung up, the yery horses seemed to stand as at some call of Juty in the branch of the tree Meager, the dwarf, put on the wisdom of

a man upon a white horse and hundred that ride about him. There is jennous for the breeze, but they be of lars, masters. Would ye carry a hedge

Yorder is the wagon by which Mary gotten a busband for her, and stuffed his belly with shavings! I like the man. There comes a Lord Bishop whose panich you shall drum upon. There be no dancing in the fields and a sheep makes (sains for them)

Lord have mercy upon us this day!

Lord have mercy upon us this day!

Saw one ever such muddy hoofs! Go give them water for charity's sake! Now, there be these threse, faith, hope.

They dragged him from the tree to silence him, and the discondant music coming on

the dragged limited in the discordant music coming on a breeze to tell them of Wyatt's near approach. Roy himself pressed forward to be incket's edge and watched that cavalate go by. Never did man look upon

acte so sorry.
- borde, which would have pressed wery throne, truly was charity Worn and weary, armored in

to dewy beds, its stoutest hearts sted by hunger and by thirst, its very ing on the threshold of its goal alone still cried "Orward" w let us look at the manner of it and

ever their nakedness, is again and number that naked one rings stream as banners, whose res are smeared with dirt! Will in London for Wyatt, will such

on! London!"
The burden has bent the yeoman's back The barden has bent the yeoman's back downward to the ground he sprang from the breeze has torn the ribaid banners and mocked their blazon; the road the people pass by is black with the figures of them that fall.

Aye, London—London is so close to them

Aye, London—London is so close to them now! Let the eye pass beyond these pleasant fields, and there stands Paul's, and there the ramparts. Knock, and ye shall be answered!

Vain fools that utter a watchword so vain! A fair city ye see, the city of your desires, but the answer comes whence ye seek it red.

ek it not. No vigil has worn the voices which burst. from you thicket as a volley of thunder! No dirt besmears that Lincoln green, no

laggards there fall impotent.

With one great cry, "A Roy! A Roy of Calverton!" with swords uplifted and bows bent, with a roar as of a mighty avalanche, the hundred ride out and burst the serried

the hundred ride out and burst the serried ranks.

Where but a moment gone, ye had seen a thousand limping eastward to the city's gate, ye shall see a thousand now turn headlong westward as from a pit of hell: Ay, what cries for mercy are uttered, what oaths, what is reams of anger and of pain!

As grass before the scythe these would-be reapers go down to death or captivity Strong men fall upon their knees and crave mercy, women drop for very feat.

Strong men fall upon their knees and crave mercy, women drop for very fear.

That roaring, surging multitude, riven by the horsemen, as a tree by the axe, bends and breaks, sways and totters. The day is won, the end has come. Above all the clamor you shall hear the voice of Roy of Caiverton crying to them to make his victory good.

victory good Ye have them—ye have them, for God and Queen Mary this day!

CHAPTER XIII.

With ruln upon ruln, rout on fout.
Pasapiss Lost Five hundred, they say, passed in with Wyatt and went on to Ludgate and the city when the cavalcade in St James's fields cut the multitude asunder Unaware of that deadly blow, intent upon

turies shall permit. I would not have to lorger that these be poor people, whom ignorance has misled.

They think to strike a blow for England but strike only at that which is our good. Nav my beart is beavy

were done to you if you were in like case. It is the free done to you if you were in like case. It is fear me witness I will have no butcher's work this day."

Many assented with a murmur of their praise. Had you pressed them for a leaven, perchance they knew not why they were there at all, if it were not that Roy of Calverton had bidden them.

Those poor devils by the road-side, some trembling with their fears, some fallen for very weakness, some believing death to be their neighbor, what judge's part should Sherwood's men play in such a joust!

Hameless outcasts, what conspiracy could these beggars contrive? Aye, death would claim them soon enough death

And the humor of their employment was sent to be forgotten by any man. Hear deagre, the dwarf, as he bandles the jest. Timel save law and order and them that

of this Wyatt hath opened the gares,
he said. "I would as leave count upon you
old woman's prattle as upon my Lord of
Pembroke's wisdom! Let Wyatt pass in,
and all may yet be undone. There is magic
of a name which sheaths the stoutest sword.
Press on, friends, lest the play be done ere
we see the groundlings.
He gave a ready example to them, and

He gave a ready example to them, and

He gave a ready example to them, and those that rode arter him would draw again and go with maked swords in their hands. Every step now is toward the heart of the riot, to that discordant music they play by Paul's and the hill.

Grooms and serving men at the doors of the great houses in the strand cry, "Hasten, hasten, for God's sake." Men, showing their hirts, stumble and fall by wall and archway, they leave bloody tracks behind them. Apprentices who bawi, "The gate is down! swarm about the horsemen and jeer their tardiness.

As the scene is approached, the Bar by Temple, and thence to Fleet street, the shouts become more discordant, the riot more distinctly to be heard, the fortunes of the day more truly to be read. For here is a great press of people, leaping and contending, that they may not miss the spectacle.

Every lattice shows its array of anxious to faces; the very roofs are peopled by the faces; the very roofs are

spectacle.

Every lattice shows its array of anxious faces: the very roofs are peopled by the doubting citizens. Lend ear, and above that brawling uproar you shall not mistake the voice more resonant of the angry mob that cries so valiantly. "A Wyatt! A Wyatt!

Battle rages in truth, the din of conflict, the ultimate encounter. Monstrous bludgeons beat upon the iron of the gates, every arquelus belches its vomit of lingering smoke.

There are arrows flying in the air, great stones hurled, soythes waved as banners, pikes shivered against the unyielding barriers. The chief rebel himself, beating at the portal, calls loudly:

"I am Wyatt! the Queen has granted all my petitions."

But none of those who serve the gate lays down his arms, none cries a welcome. In a hill of the storm mark the voice of my Lord Howard who answers to the rebel!

"Avaunt, traitor! thou shalt have no entrance here."

Thus is the rebel defied, with a taunt which charged the arquebuses again, and again drove the archers to the ramparts, counting no more than forty of his company, Wyatt, in truth, knew that the end was here, here the just decree written.

For this, the death about him, the iron barrier, the reproach "Traitor!" the mocking citizens, the shadow of the gibbet, he had persuaded these men of Kent who now cursed his name and the day his mother thare him. Ave, what availed that giant courage which still could wear a smiling sea and challenge willingly enough." Nay, thou shall open willingly enough. "Nay, thou shall open willingly enough." The shadow of peace was upon the fields, the heralds of the night winged in the light, winged in the light winged in the light winged which still could wear a smiling it to be force that both the more than forty of his company. Wyatt, in truth, knew that the end was here, here the just decree written.

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face and throw back at my lord the answering jest and challenge.

"Nay, thou shalt open willingly enough or the hour be done, my lord—and we will see who is traitor then! Back, compared to the story of the peril was blotted out in that gladness of victory, the day forgotten in the morrow's hope.

He turned his horse, and, crossing the bridge, would have beat up. Fleet street once more, and so returned to that multitude he deemed to be waiting for him at Charing. Perchance, even then, could his fellows but have come in to overawe the gaping citizens and to threaten the keepers of the gale, the day would have been his, the goal attained.

But it befol that as he forwed a path west-

and the scaffold
"I have kept touch," he says.
Touch hath he kept, indeed, but the hand
is clammy as the fingers of death.

CHAPTER XIV.

The elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. They carried Wyatt to St. James's, a

They carried Wyatt to St. James's, a thousand running about Sir Maurice Berkley's house, a thousand more herakling the affair in the purileus of the palace.

Bound hand and foot now, mocked by every tongue, spat upon, buffeted, the poet's son was lifted up as some nummy for the people's sport, some beasts they had caged for the baiting. None pitted him, none cried godspeed. They had no grace for the vanquished.

With destiny this man had wrestled, to destiny must be pay the price. Men said that his head would grin from London Bridge before the week had run.

Those who had feared him greatly an hour age would have torn him limb from

hour ago would have torn him limb from limb if the archers had permitted. But the forty out of Sherwood closed about that pitiful figure, they beat the people back, they befriended one whom all had deserted.

Now its befell that the running heralds of the downfall came to St. James's alread of the archers who buffeted the people, and as each one entered in his tale was ever of Roy and those who had followed him

errand. Is this the voice that counselled me this day to flee to my father's palace at Hampton and trust myself to God. Aye.

command which had been in her mind from the first For this Roy, the outlaw, whom some For this Roy, the outlaw, which some have known as the Count of Brieves, I bid you write our pardon. Let the daughter of Bernard of Ollerton be confirmed in her estate and molested by none Ye will bear this to the Count with your own hand. Ye owe him some honest apology. Nay, answer nothing, my lord were it not for this man you mocked your head, assuredly, had been the first his follows asked."

My lord, they say, buttoned his yelvet.

My lord, they say, burtoned his verver cape with nervous fingers, and went in ill-concealed humor to do her Majesty's bidding. The palace by this time echoed the busy footsteps of them who came in and out with their loud-tongued news of

Nor let the brighter trappings of ambition deceive you.

A brave picture shall Wyatt show upon his good white horse, brave shall be his words, brave his bearing; but the chadow of the axe looms upon him and his fellows; the very voices are too weak to cry "Lon-vices are too weak

green; and, sid the rebeis as at some paint, they came on with a thungs shout, and in that fearful embrace the last word spoken.

Down, now, aye, down as trees, the storm uproots—so fall the remnant; so is the flame of this conspiracy quenched. Look out from the windows of any house and you shall see rearing horses and cloven skulls; bleeding bodies and hear's laid bare; a worming, gasping mass, the faces of men in their agony; the limbs that horses tread.

As the thud of one great sea upon another the forces meet, as the wave upon other the forces meet, as the wave upon the shingle the foresters spread over their flad and Queen Mary this day and the shingle the foresters spread over their flad and Queen Mary this day importent on for whose sake they served.

And now their love had earned the sweet, girlish gladness, the merry laughter. Little wonder that their hearts were light, their tongues unstilled.

No child of theirs more dear to these men of Sherwood than Barbara of Ollerton, for whose sake they served. And she had come to her own again.

Aye, let the belis ring, the beacons be kindled for Roy of Calverton shall sleep upon her heart to-night, and forget all else in the harvest of her love.

It Is New and Children Can Play It With Improvised Materials.

A brand new outdoor game that can be played with improvised materials is pards. Each player selects a pard. If girls and boys play together each boy selects a girl for his pard. If a boy or a girl is left over he or she is called a lonely. The game can be played also by partie

consisting entirely of boys or of girls.

The first requisite in pards is the buffer

This may be a good-sized stone, one with rather a flat top generally being preferred, or a boy's hat, a hard felt like a derby, or a stiff straw hat. A soft hat will not answer. The buffer is placed on an open space of the ground, and is surrounded by a ring of posts. These may consist of thirty-two little sticks driven in the earth. Every fourth stick is longer than the others, and is called a station. The sticks should be

than any of the others, and, if possible, should have a leaf on it. The stick is refled the starting point.

Pebbles may be used instead of sticks

about an inch or more apart

In this case a space of four or five inches eft between every fourth and fifth pebble

and as each one entered in his tale was ever of Roy and those who had followed him to the peril of the fields.

Making known to all the strange deeds of that day, they spoke chiefty of the outlaw and the brave part he had played since liberty was given him. Which fair report, coming to my Lord Chancellor's ears, was by him very honestly carried to the Queen, and so received that he repented anon the generosity which hade him speak.

Your Majesty, he said, 'Clod and our Lady be thanked for this day's work. Your outlaw has taken Wyatt, and rides even to the paince gate with him.'

So greatly had the news wrought upon him, the record says, that he must stumble with the words, and burst in upon Queen Mary as one that had won fortune of an hour; but the Queen, whose courage was well-remembered by them all, would confess no surprise of it nor appland his haste. are three throw sticks. These are made castly by cutting the branch of some tree or plant into two pieces of equal length tabout three or four inches is a good size), splitting them, selecting three of as nearly the same width and thickness as possible and cutting a notch in the rounded side

of one of these.

The order in which the pards play may be determined by counting out or by any of the usual ways used by young folks.

in regulating such matters.

The girl pard of the couple who have secured the first play begins by taking the three three sticks, holding them much as she would a pen or a pendi above the buffer, and throwing them down upon it. buffer, and throwing them down up in it, so that the ends of the throw sticks strike the buffer as nearly as possible together and at the same time and the sticks them-selves bounding off fall inside the circle of posts.

The place in which they fall determines

how many posts away from the starting point the player's marker may be laid if, in the beginning of the game, for instance, the sticks fall in such a way as to count five, the player moves his or her marker to the fifth post (stick or pebble) from the starting region. marker to the fifth post (stick or pebble) from the starting point.

The players of one side move their markers from left to right, the players of the other side move theirs in the opposite direction.

If one player, by a lucky throw, can place be one player, and a lucky throw of the company of the company to the compan

bidding. The palace by this time echoed the busy footsteps of them who came in and out with their loud-tongued news of victory.

As a storm cloud which burst harmlessly, the tempest of ferr passed from London and the outskirts. For very joy strangers kissed in the streets and gave thanks to God. The churches were filled with thanks of the outskirts thanks to the cloud thanks to the churches were filled with thanks to the cloud thanks to the c

habit of sale and barter and the common affairs.

But go a hundred paces to the fields and all k of the common day again. Men work contentedly in pleasant gardens; wagens creak and rumble with their market burden, friend speaks to friend of sale and barter, the children run to the schoolhouse unfearingly.

Roy passed through Charing with a sure hand upon his bridle and being assured that the need of him lay eastward, he set his men for Ludgate and the hill at Paul's "God knows what shall befall if fear of this Wyatt hath opened the gates."

To would as leave count upon you have the falls of sale and barter and the common in the chember of the player who put him or her out Any player who can play his or her marker to the twentieth post or half way around the circle can go at once the rest of the way and place the lucky marker at the starting point, to begin another round or end the game, as the case may be, four times around the circle being generally closely the market at the starting point, but when put out must go back to the start.

A lonely cannot be sent back to the start.

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A lonely cannot be sent back to the start.

In womany in the palace spoke, and it came anon to my Lord to the post occupied last by the marker of the player who can play his or her marker to the twentieth post or half way around the circle can go at once the rest of the way and place the lucky marker at the starting point, to the post occupied last by the marker of the player who can play his or her marker.

To the first of Roy, the outlaw, many in the palace spoke, and it came anon to my Lord

A lonely cannot be sent back to the start.

Any player who can play his or her marker to the twentieth post or half way around the circle can go at once the rest of the way and place the lucky marker at the starting point, to the player who can play his or her marker.

The would all k of the cultaw, many in the palace that the marker of the player who can play his or her marker to the ventilet to the ve A lonely cannot be sent back to the start-

a Pope had sent to King Hairy liere all dusty, his cleak torn, his beats green with the grass, his Lincoln green stained with the bed he had slept upon, he told Mary the story of the morning, and was by her called "friend".

Nay, there were tears in her eyes, the record says, and when presently my lady came timidity to the ros m and Roy held outstrong arms to her, crying "Thou best beloved, tell me it is well with the "Love, in a close embrace which with the story of the me it is well to add that the game may be played without putting back. This makes a shorter but, in the opinion of some, a less interesting game.

Parks may also be played without partners, which is a case the name given to the game is such a case the name given to the game is

Pards may also be played without partners, every player for himself, though in
such a case the name given to the game is
something of a misnomer not, however,
to be avoided if only two play the game.
An interesting variation of pards can be
played at home by using checkers as posts
and a tecetotum instead of throw sticks.
The tecetotium is made by sticking a match
through the centre of a regular six-sided The tee-totum is made by stream a match through the centre of a regular six-sided piece of thick cardboard. Numbers are written on the edges of the sides, and the number to which the marker is to be moved is determined by

the side upon which the tee-totum rests when it has done spinning LARGEST OF COAL FLEETS. Over 20,000,000 Bushels of Coal Leaves

Pittsburg for the Mississippi. In the latter part of last week the largest coal fleet ever got together at Pittsburg began to leave that city for towns on the

before in the past fifty years has the Ohio failed to have a coal-boat rise either in May The Mississippi towns never resort to the

The Mississippi towns never resort to the more expensive railroad routes for coal shipments if they can possibly make their supply last till a rise in the Ohio brings down the coal fleets. Nearly two years ago the Ohio was at a very low stage, and it was impossible to use the river for some months for transporting coal to New Orleans. The stock of coal at that city was getting very low, and appearances indicated that New Orleans would have to depend upon the railroads to repienish her supplies. Meanwhile, hundreds of barges were tied up at Pittsburg, all loaded and ready to start. The needed water from the mountains came at last, and 1,050,000 bushels of coal were started down the river. That shipment of coal has never been surpassed until last. coal has never been surpassed until last week. It would have taken 2,000 freight cars to carry this amount of coal.

A single tow steamer can haul from forty to fifty of these large coal barges, and it is this fact that makes the coal towage on the Ohio and Mississippi so remarkably cheap. The freight rates that have prevailed in recent years are about 60 cents a ton from Pittsburg to New Orleans, which is said to be the cheapest freight rate in the world. The distance by river is 2,000 miles.

TALES NOT TOLD IN PERRAGES

OF GREAT BRITAIN. folk's idiot Heir Manine in the Queensberry Family Mysterious Room of Glamis Castle and Its Explanation.

The death on Tuesday of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, only son of the Duke Norfolk, senior Duke of England, may erhaps be a relief to the hard and fast apholders of the divine right of primogeniture; for the unfortunate Earl had been an idiot from his birth, and since an attack of

Recent laws would have prevented his sitting in Parliament to help make laws for the British nation; but in the old days, only his own inclination could have kept him out of the House of Lords, and his vote as a peer would have been as valuable as that of any peer possessed of all his faculties.
One Earl of Surrey was a poet and com-

posed verse that is read approvingly even to this day; another was a General at sea and on shore in the time of Elizabeth and won fame for his abilities. It is curious that the descendant of these men, the holder of their titles, should have been an imbecile. It does not speak well for primogeniture.

Peerage history is very tender to titled persons. "Burke's Peerage"—the Briton's Bible, some persons have been known to call it-in its account of the ancestors of the present Marquess of Queensberry, says that the second Duke of Queensberry dying in 1711, was a by his eldest surviving son, Charles, 3d Duke," but save nothing of the elder son, whose death made

This elder son was James. Earl of Drum lanrig, an idiot from his birth, but unlike the poor Earl of Arundel and Surrey, an idiot who retained all his bodily powers. He was born about 1686, and for years was kept in a retired part of Queensberry House, Edinburgh, behind barred windows and bolted doors.

He grew to be nearly seven feet in height

and attained tremendous strength; he possessed an enormous appetite, and had to be fed continually. Meat was his main food, and the smell of cooking would throw him into paroxysms of rage, which could be stilled only by prompt supplies of food. and England took place: and on that day

On May 1, 1707, the union of Scotland was in the streets when the union was celebrated. The Duke of Queensberry, popularly detested for his share in what the Scots considered a shameful bargain, of the day; and almost every dweller in Queensberry House was outside of its walls, taking an active or a spectator's part

in the day's proceedings.

That day the Earl of Drumlannig broke

Mississippi River. By Saturday last 800 and at once put a stop to it, getting very coal boats and barges had already left langry and rebuking Lady Strathmore Pitusburg with over 20,000,000 bushels of with considerable warmth, even before his coal. This shipment of coal is the greatest in the history of Ohio River navigation.

The reason why so much coal is now at a late supper and Lord Strathmore reshipped all at once is because the Ohio, fused to let the butler go into the cellar

for an unusually long period, has been too for it, but went himself. He was gone ow to float loaded coal boats past the fails from the table for a long time; finally, he at Louisville. The present rise in the Ohio | was found at the head of the main entrance s the first to occur since April 25. Never to the cellar, badly bruised, quite exhausted,

OF NOBLE BIRTH, BUT MADMEN | maid nothing of much a person. George and of his elder brother, was the only Lord Glamia who could have been more than 90; and he had died in 1834 when not quilt 33 years old. Who then was "Thomas

Lord Glamis," who died aged sa! According to the story, he was the eider twin brother of George Lord Glamis, an idiot from his birth, who was set assidand maintained privately in Glamis Castle The haunted chamber was a room through The haunted chamber was a room through which entrance was had to the part of the house reserved for him; the secret confided to each heir on his coming of age was the fact that there was such a person games every day as a part of their serious was the fact that there was such a person-

from his crazy relative who was possessed watch them of enormous strength and obeyed only. If folks who did not know who he is were

his keeper or attendant.

The son of the present Lord Glamis, grandson of the present Earl of Strathmore, is is years old now, so the great subject notice are correct, there will be no secret tisks of the Smiths man Low ithat m, and some to impart, and the Glamis ghost will have day it is expected that he will teach the been settled.

A STRIKER ON A FARM. He Likes It and Thinks He Will Never to

Back to the Mill.

READING, Pa., July 12.—The red-faced man just in from the country who was that have been telly according to ideas peddling cherries in a little old wagon.

No, ma'am, said the striker I give you just a quart each measure Farmers, as a general thing, give away their heads. But every few weeks one of the players. They sell cherries at 10 cents a quart and try sits down at his desk and writes and soon sits down at his desk and writes a pament.

farmers to-day. They're too liberal.
"I've been on the farm three weeks now." Pve seen enough to convince me that farms every day with butterfly nets to catch butterfly are too good for their own good. They

went on:

"As I was saying, since I'm out on the can be picked up by the bare hand without

UNCLE SAM'S PLAYTHINGS.

SOME OF THEM TOYS THAT ANY BOY WOLLD LIKE. Ail of Them. Though, Are Used by

Learned Men trame That Teaches Facts to Science Paper Birds and Butterty tateting Play Cardens.

was the fact that there was such a person uncle or great-uncle—who legally was Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne

The reason why the Earl would not let the butler go for the claret was that the namical Lord Glamis had escaped from his keeper and was known to be hiding in the cellar; and the Earl's condition when he brought the claret to his guests was and settle with just the same interest and due to the fact that he had barely emaped delight with which boys and girls would

for behold blin they night well be excised for imagining that the old gentleman was growing childish. But probably there are If the story told above and the death | does For he is one of the foremost scienworld how to build a flying machine that really will fly
Often, after he has played good and hard

with the little paper toys, he disappears. down in a lonely part of the Potomac River,

peddling cherries in a little old wagon, was a striker.

"Great change," said he, measuring out the tempting fruit to men, women and children at the curb. His quart measure never contained one cherry more than a quart. "From the hot mill to the hot farm is a great change, but I like it."

"You don't give heaping full measure like other farmers," said an elderly woman who had bought two quarts.

"No, ma'am," said the striker. "I give you just a quart each measure. Farmers, but a quart each measure. Farmers, and fondie the little leaves, one had so that not far away ather wise men are playing with little toy gardens. There are patches just big gardens to weed and loce.

These patches are watered with small graduated watering pots, and with scales little pinches of fertilizer and other plant foods are measured out for each. Big men sit over them and fondie the little leaves, one had not form the plant for them, and fondie the little leaves, one

They sell cherries at 10 cents a quart and try to heap on a half-pint extra with each quart.

They sell potatoes at so much a bushel and put a quarter of a peck extra measure and put a quarter of a peck extra measure.

on top. That's what's ruining American just bow they can handle their farms All over the country are other men em-ployed by the Government who go out get the little end of it every time

"Yes, ma'am, two quarts for 20 cents."

No, not two quarts for 18 cents. The price is 10 cents a quart."

When the woman departed with her purchase the striker during another hall went ot:

terflies and grasshoppers and countless other insects. Some go out at night with lanterns and honey pots and sit down in the shelter of shrubberry, waiting till the great blundering high moths shall be attracted by the keen seem of the honey which they love. Often the moths drink honey until they are drunk, when they

That day the Earl of Drumlanrig broke out of his apartments. He found a door or a window fastened less securely than usual and did not have to exert all his strength to break down the bars that restrained him.

He wandered through the descrited house, demonshing furniture and pictures from time to time, until finally he smelt meat cooking. In a paroxysm of fury, he found his way to the kitchen, where a cook and a little boy were at work, the only persons in the house, apparently.

The cook field The Earl fell on the boy before he could escape, and killed him with the spit he held. Then he began to cook him! He was on the point of eating him when the cook returned with assistance.

The reafter the Earl passed out of human knowledge. It is said that he was killed then and there, before the kitchenboys body could be taken from him.

That they the Earl of Drumlanrig broke out of his crays and forced a tub full. A huchster came along and offered the lot go when he was killed the was killed thim with the spit he held. Then he began to cook him! He was on the point of eating him when the cook returned with assistance.

Thereafter the Earl passed out of human knowledge. It is said that he was killed then and there, before the kitchenboys body could be taken from him.

That there was something of this sort in the history of the Queensberry dukedom is proved by the fact that the second Duke, father of this crazy Earl, surrendered all his titles to the Crown in 1706, and was all the substitutes to the Crown in 1706, and was all the substitutes to the crown in 1706, and was all the substitutes to the crown in 1706, and was all the substitutes to the crown in 1706, and was all the substitutes the crown in 1706, and was all the substitute that the second Duke, father of this crazy Earl, surrendered all his titles to the Crown in 1706, and was all the substitute to the market. The contract of the crown in 1706, and was all the substitute to the day there was a buttler came to the day there was a buttler came to the day there

That there was something of this sort in the history of the Queenenberry disched me in the farmer shall his three to the Crown in 1706, and was created immediately a per with the axies created immediately a per with the axies created intendicately a per with the axies and the pulse disch in 1711, it was the second son, and when the Duke disch in 1711, it was the second son who succeeded.

For upward of half a century there was said to be a secret haunted from in Glantic Queenen of the residences of the Wood Gaster, one of the residence of the residences of the Wood Gaster, one of the residence of the cellar door fast in his hand.

At last the story of the haunted room came out; that is, it is said to have come out. The tell it requires a short history of the farmity, which now bears one of Maobeth's titles.

Thomas Bowes-Lyon, born in 1772, tecame the eleventh Earl of Strathmore and died in 1884. He left no children, but he had had a son, George by name, known generally as Lord Glamis. This Lord Glamis, according to the peerages, was born in 1801 and died in 1834, leaving two sons, both of whom have been Earls of Strathmore and Kinghorne.

So much for the genealogy of the family as recorded in Burke's and the other peerages in which each person recorded has the right to provide his own pedigree and assume any titles he may choose.

The Castle of Glamis is up in Forfarshire, Scotland, not very far from Dundee, but it was not in any Dundee paper that a death notice appeared one morning in 1885, which was to this effect:

"Died—At Glamis Castle, Thomas Lord Glamis!" The peerages

"Thomas Lord Glamis!" The peerages